...NUMENT UNVEILED

...ds of Southrons Witnessed the Ceremonies.

...ES TO THE DEAD CHIEFTAINS.

...uished Confederates Paid ...mage to Their Leaders.

...ACKSON AND MRS. HAYES

...and Stripes Floated Beside ...Stars and Bars, but No Bitterness Was There.

...Texas, April 29.—Today has been ...e most notable in Dallas history. ...nrise to sunset thousands of vis... ...nd all the residents have trod the ...eager to help honor the occasion ...s now a pleasing and fadeless mem... The work begun three years ago by ...tless band of Texas women, known ...Daughters of the Confederacy, found ...consummation today. Unrivalled ...the and a gentle breeze that kept ...body cool and in good humor con... ...d no little to the enjoyment of the ...sion.

...glistening shaft of Texas granite ...above the tallest trees in the City ...that was unveiled today in the pres... ...of the biggest multitude ever gath... ...in Dallas, attests the success of the ...on the part of Texas women to ...the Confederate dead. Every detail ...programme that has been talked of ...ds was carried out without hitch ...th very little delay.

...Hayes, the daughter of Jefferson ...with her children, heard Judge John ...Reagan pronounce a eulogy of love ...the memory of their famous ancestor. ...Stonewall Jackson, with tears in her ...nd a smile on her face, listened to ...r Culberson and Judge Henry W. ...ht recite some of the virtues of him ...e loved and lost.

...veterans of both armies jostled each ...good naturedly and "Dixie" and ...the Spangled Banner" blended their ...a song that told stories of devo... ...to both the Palmetto and the Pine. ...Bars and Stripes fluttered beside the ...ant Stars and all the vast concourse ...me 40,000 people forgot the bitter... ...the past in admiration of the pres...

...crowds began arriving early in the ...The Katy special from Gainesville ...ght coaches, closely packed and every ...m all the roads was loaded with ...ers. They lined the streets for ...to watch the grand parade. This was ...ipated in by civic, military and in... ...al societies and formed a spectacle ...ening pomp and pageantry.

...ommander E. G. Bower of Sterling ...camp rode beside "Little Jeff Davis," ...Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Stonewall Jack... ...followed in the first carriages close be... They were cheered all along the ...s from the starting point to the monu...

...usands were in the parade, which ...several miles long and required about ...ary to pass a given point. City Attor... A. P. Wozencraft acted as grand mar... ...and was assisted in his duties of ...ing the line in order by a half hun... deputies.

...route to the monument covered the ...cipal streets of the city. It required the ...d efforts of the police and military to ...p the crowd back at the park and ...the procession had arrived and order ...been restored the programme was be...

...aptain T. S. Flateau of Dallas acted as ...ster of ceremonies. General W. L. Ca... ...who was to have welcomed the au... ...ce on behalf of the Daughters of the ...federacy, was called out of the city ...night on very urgent business and ...that was assigned to Mayor Pearson of ...Kinney, who was introduced after pray... by Rev. W. L. Torrance, chaplain of ...ling Price camp.

...ayor Barry, who was down for an ad... ...s of welcome on behalf of the city, ...sick. His place was filled by Colonel L. Crawford.

...overnor Culberson followed with a ...ue gem that wrung applause from all.

GOVERNOR CULBERSON.

...Without disparagement of others, no ...ies of the Southern Confederacy should ...its more tender and loyal remembrance ...heroes of that great contest than ...Cradled in martial renown as a Re... ...be, she challenged the heroism of ...chivalry and measured chivalry with the ...le ages. Proud of her ennobling his... ...and traditions and drawing deep in... ...ration from the valor of her founders, ...Statehood has kept the past undimmed ...added fresh glory to her name. In the ...conflict which we commemorate ...y, the most heroic in recorded time, ...was clasped hands with Spartans ...Virginians and there is not a battlefield ...een the mountains and the seas but ...Texan hero sleeps there. Appropriate ...a great people should remember deeds ...these, we have assembled to unveil ...dedicate this imposing monument. ...done to the dead heroes do we raise ...shaft, for their fame is secure and will ...as long as the Virginia mountains ...tower toward the clouds and the Vir... ...rivers flow on to the sea, but rather ...is the organic principle of American ...ion, State sovereignty, the antithesis ...imperialism and the palladium of our ...erties for which they fought and per... ...d. In the name of the people of Texas ...gives me pleasure to welcome you to ...impressive ceremonies. It is matter ...special gratification to welcome the ...be lofty character ennobled the cause ...whose genius founded and sustained ...government. Educated at the military ...ol to which Stonewall Jackson taught, ...cherishing his memory as a blessing ...a benediction, it can but touch me ...us to welcome the widow of that stain... ...man, the most brilliant soldier the ...English speaking people have yet produced. ...t will these two have come for this ...tic pile is the work of woman. Re... ...ing this and looking out upon the ...fulness of flowers they have brought ...can but exclaim with the sweetest ...ger of the Southland:

"...Stop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
...an where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!"

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Master Jefferson Hayes-Davis unveiled ...the monument of his grandfather and Hon. John H. Reagan pronounced a eulogy on ...dead chief, who had honored him by ...ing him a member of his cabinet. Judge Reagan spoke as follows:

Compatriots, Ladies and Gentlemen: We ...met to witness the unveiling of a ...Confederate monument, erected to perpetuate the memory of the heroic devotion of brave men who gave their services and their lives for a cause which they believed involved their rights and liberties, and which to them and to use was sacred. It has been erected by the patient energies of the patriotic and noble Daughters of the Confederacy of Dallas, which entitles them to the gratitude of all ex-Confederates, and to the honor due to the accomplishment of a great work, designed to perpetuate the memory of the great services and heroic valor of those soldiers who sleep their last sleep on so many battlefields.

This beautiful monument is most appropriately crowned by the statue of the private soldier, whose services were given for the love of country and for the protection of the homes of the mothers, wives and daughters, and in the defense of the constitutional rights and the liberties of the people. They were uninfluenced by ambition or by the possession or expectation of public honors, which in some measure may have influenced and stimulated to duty those who held commissions as officers. To the private soldier who so served is due the supreme honor awarded to disinterested patriotism combined with heroic valor. And it is an evidence of the good taste and judgment of those who designed this monument that the statues of President Davis, General Lee, General Stonewall Jackson and General Sidney Johnston should be associated with that of the private soldiers, upon whom those great men relied with so much confidence. And to the noble women, who by their persistent efforts have secured the erection of this beautiful monument, the gratitude of all Texans and of all Confederates is due.

To me has been assigned the duty of saying, in a brief way, something of the character and services of the president of the late Confederate States, the beloved Jefferson Davis. My association with Mr. Davis during our great struggle, and the very high opinion I formed of his disinterested and patriotic devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, and of his unvarying constancy and courage, makes the duty most agreeable to me in every sense, except that I recognize my inability to give such an account of his services and portraiture of his character as is due to his memory.

To say that he was an honest man, a brave soldier, an able statesman, a sincere patriot and an earnest Christian does not give the full idea of his character. He was a master of the English, Latin and French languages, and an accomplished scholar as shown by his very able State papers. He was familiar with the physical sciences generally, including botany, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, natural philosophy and natural history. This knowledge connected with his knowledge of mathematics, his military education, training and experience, and his acknowledged ability as a statesman and orator, eminently fitted him for the duties of the great office of president of the Confederate States. And they enabled him to organize a government in the midst of war, which it required one of the best equipped governments, with many times as many white people as were in the Confederacy, possessing nearly all the mechanical means and appliances of the country, with its army and navy, aided by two millions of volunteers, four years to overcome in one of the greatest wars of modern times. Notwithstanding the great firmness of character of Mr. Davis in his social and domestic relations he was as gentle as a woman, and even under strong provocation he rarely ever spoke unkindly of persons who assailed him or his policy.

In one respect there was to some extent a misapprehension of his character. It was sometimes alleged he was self-willed, imperious and stubborn. Those in close contact and association with him did not so regard him. I have heretofore expressed the view, and now repeat it, that practically he had two characters, or rather two methods of thought and action. While in his private relations he was all gentleness and kindness, in the discharge of his public duties he seemed to be guided almost wholly by a sense of duty. And he seemed to expect those who conferred with him about public matters to address themselves directly to the matter under consideration, and was not at all times patient with such persons as sought to occupy his time in general conversation, or as to matters about which they could give him no information. It will be readily understood that one occupying his position, in which his whole time was necessarily given to the discharge of important public duties, could not permit that time to be wasted in commonplace conversation, or in listening to men who could give him no real information. And this doubtless created the idea with such persons that he was self-willed and imperious. Another mistake as to his character made by some persons has been that he would not listen to advice about matters of importance. More than four years of constant contact with him, as a member of his cabinet, enables me to say that this was a great mistake. His habit was, when he took up a public question on which he had to act, to exhaust all available sources of information on it before coming to a conclusion; always consulting freely with the members of his cabinet, and with others who might be able to give him information. After doing this and reaching his conclusion the matter was settled with him, unless the presentation of new facts required further consideration. He had not time to reconsider questions upon the same facts. And in the position he occupied vacillation would have been about as bad as the erroneous decision of public questions. I say this much on these points because I think in respect to them some injustice has been done to his memory.

As illustrative of his unselfish sacrifices of his own interest to what he believed to be a sense of duty, I will mention that when the Federal forces were near his plantation on the Mississippi river I was present when one of his friends advised him that he should send some one to remove his negroes, live stock and other property to some place of safety, or otherwise it would all soon fall into Federal hands. His answer was that the president of the Confederacy could not send men to take care of his private property. And later, when his hill residence in Hinds county, containing his library and other property, was in jeopardy, when he was advised to take steps for their removal to a place of safety, he made the same reply. And so allowed all his personal property to be lost to him.

I will mention one other instance which illustrates as to how he believed public men in public office should avoid even the seeming of impropriety in their action. When he and his cabinet were moving southward at the close of the war they made a stop on the bank of the Broad river, in South Carolina, to indulge in a lunch. A sort of jocular recital was made by the members of the cabinet as to their financial conditions. The property of Mr. Benjamin, secretary of state, in Louisiana was gone; that of Mr. Mallory, secretary of navy, in Florida had been destroyed; the property of General Breckenridge, secretary of war, had been destroyed or confiscated; the property of George Davis, the attorney general, in North Carolina was in the hands of the Federals; the postmaster general was $40,000 or $50,000 poorer than at the commencement of the war, and the president was left without anything. On this occasion Mr. Davis said that it was a matter of gratification to him that no member of his cabinet had made money out of the war, and that they were all broke and poor, except Mr. Trenholm, secretary of treasury, and that his large fortune had probably left him in fair condition. But I believe it afterward turned out that he, too, was driven to bankruptcy.

The solicitude of President Davis for the success of the Confederate arms caused him several times to put himself under the fire of the Federals in battle. At the battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks) I saw him, General Lee and General Magruder under a heavy fire of musketry, and remonstrated against his so exposing himself when there was no special necessity for it. During the first of the seven days fighting near Richmond he was much exposed to the enemy's fire, and General Lee ordered him to quit the field. Some days afterward, when General Lee appeared in the cabinet, Mr. Davis jocularly said he had supposed he was commander-in-chief, but that General Lee had ordered him from the field. And on the day of the battle between Richmond and Petersburg I saw Mr. Davis in company with General Beauregard under a brisk fire of cannon and sharpshooters for a considerable time, during which several persons present were hit and one soldier boy standing near the president had his arm shot off by a shell. At the request of some of the officers present I urged him to leave the field, as his exposure to the fire of the enemy was unnecessary. In the cabinet the next morning, referring to my advice that he should quit the field the evening before, he said he felt as I did that he could render no service there, but added: "That it would have been an unpleasant thing to ride off under fire."

I will conclude what I have to say by adding that I have been somewhat acquainted with many of the great men of this country for the last forty or fifty years, and while there may have been a few persons superior to him in some special line of human effort, President Davis combined more of the elements of real greatness than any other man I have known. He was, in its noblest sense, a Christian statesman and warrior.

President Davis had the chivalric courage of a Richard Coeur de Leon, and the Roman virtue, constancy and love of liberty of a Cato. God bless his memory.

ROBERT E. LEE.

Lucy Hayes pulled the cord which exposed to view the effigy of the great commander-in-chief, Robert E. Lee.

Judge George N. Aldredge eulogized Robert E. Lee. He said:

With the animosities that led up to the war between the States, Lee had no lot or part.

He was lieutenant colonel in the Federal army when hostilities began. He had evinced such ability in the Mexican war that Mr. Lincoln tendered him command of the Union forces. No one knew better than he how much was compassed in this offer. He knew that the Federal forces would outnumber the Confederates four to one. That with the machinery of government, the treasury, the navy and all the factories against us, the contest would be vastly unequal. He knew, also, from what had come to Washington, Jackson and Taylor, what almost regal honors awaited a conquering hero. Had he accepted the generous offer the names of Grant and Sherman would have been unknown to history. Their blended glory would have shown forth in him. Never was more tempting chaplet offered to human brow. Never did fairer vista open to mortal ken. But his great soul scorned all consideration of self. He was a citizen of Virginia and not of the Union, and his supreme allegiance was to his sovereign State. He was a native of Virginia, and when the mother in her hour of peril called to her illustrious son, he promptly came to her rescue.

I need not recount to you his achievements as a commander of the army of Northern Virginia. It is a familiar story in every enlightened land. So great was the confidence of his men in him, and in themselves, that numbers counted for nothing against his orders. His men believed him invincible, and this well nigh made him so. What he ordered taken, was taken, and woe betided the hosts that stormed what he ordered held. Before his veterans—McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker—all went down in defeat. As some granite cliff hurls back in derision all the storms of the sea, so stood Lee for three years, in front of Richmond, defying all the power of a government which was spending $2,000,000 per day to crush him, and which had 1,000,000 men under arms to execute its orders.

In military skill he was the equal of Hannibal, Caesar or Bonaparte; in all else he was immeasurably their superior. He was without ambition. Glory came to him unsought and crowned him unawares. He was as gentle and modest as a woman, and his great, warm heart the very citadel of love. He was as pure as a vestal virgin, and on the escutcheon of his honor there never was fleck or flaw. Take him, all in all, no fairer form has floated on the tide of time save Him of Galilee, set by God as a pattern for the world.

We commemorate him in marble, yet he needs it not. Enshrined in the hearts of his people he will live until the last trump shall wake all his deathless dead. One star differeth from another star in glory, and as the slow revolving centuries roll on, his will grow brighter, until, in its purest ray serene, all lesser lights will hang their diminished heads. Every age has had its individual hero, but in these noble features you behold the hero of all the ages. Standing upon the monument of his great deeds, crowned with all the virtues that good men love, he is above reproach and beyond eulogy.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

The youngest grandchild of Stonewall Jackson unveiled the form of her grandfather and Judge Henry W. Lightfoot spoke of the great soldier—the "right arm" of the Confederacy, as Lee called him; the "right eye" as President Davis referred to him. A most finished peroration it was, giving the story of the man, the soldier and, above all, the Christian.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

The eldest grandchild of Stonewall Jackson exposed to view the figure of Albert Sidney Johnston, who was one of those who carried the arms of Texas to honor. Judge Norman G. Kittrell of Houston pronounced the eulogy.

When the great apostle of the new faith drew near the end of his life's eventful journey, his mind retraced the paths he had trodden and recalled the stripes and imprisonment, the perils by land and by sea, and all else that he had dared and endured for the truth and the Master's sake, and with the eye of unclouded faith catching a vision of the joys reserved for the faithful of God, in tones of exultant triumph he exclaimed: I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.

So today, my countrymen, at the end of a journey of more than a third of a century, our minds revert to the paths we have trodden, and we recall the gloom and the glory of the past; war's dread alarm; the splendor of that day when first the starry cross in beauty caught the radiance of a Southern sun, the onset and the carnage, the agony of suspense, the unspeakable sorrow of dread, certainty, the exultation of victory, the anguish of defeat, the darkness of that hour when the symbol of a young nation's hope, with rays of a deathless glory, lingering amid its torn and tattered folds, was forever furled; the trials and tears of the years following upon the final folding of that glory-kissed banner, when poverty, grim and gaunt, kept watch and ward at every hearthstone, and the wail of bruised hearts rose above the din of human habitations; we dwell upon the toil and hardship of the journey from the vale of humiliation and weakness to the heaven-kissed heights of prosperity and power; and as we stand today where peace her pinions spreads o'er this fair land in plenty smiling, and behold our waste places restored, our shattered altars rebuilded, our political and industrial power established and recognized, and millions hither hastening with their energy, their enterprise, their wealth and their good citizenship, to lay them as offerings at the feet of the recrowned re-enthroned queen, in tones of rapturous exultation we exclaim: We have fought a good fight, we have kept the faith and behold now what wondrous rewards have been for us laid up in this the land which the Lord our God hath given us!

Profoundly grateful to the God of our fathers, who has led us out of desolation and deep darkness into the sunshine of radiant hope and glowing promise, faithful in fealty and loyal in love to our common country, conscious of the rectitude of our own purposes, and according to every man the same honesty of conviction and integrity of conscience that we claim for ourselves, but craving of no man permission, making to no man apology, here in this Pantheon of nature, under as fair a sky as ever arched the earth, on the soil of a land hallowed by patriot blood and vocal with the glory of its sons and with eyes dimmed by tears, the holy tribute of our hearts to departed valor, we have gathered to set apart and consecrate this spot for ever and for aye to patriotic and holy memories.

Invoking the richest benedictions of heaven upon our action, we here and now, in the presence of God and these witnesses by these stones and statutes, blessed by woman's prayers, consecrated by her devotion and baptized with her tears, testify unto all those that now live and unto generations to come, that we cherish with imperishable pride the achievements of those whose memories we here enshrine, that we loved them living and mourn them dead, that we glory in the deeds of those who at their country's call followed those mighty ones unfalteringly, though death held high carnival 'bout duty's path, that while accepting in all their fullness the practical result of the gauge of battle, we hold with unswerving fidelity to the "faith once delivered to the fathers," and that

"In this honest, manly frame of mind
We will till death abide."

Never did yon cerulean arch in beauty bend above a goodlier company, or a more glorious scene than this! Here stand veterans "broken and seamed with many a scar," whose deeds light history's pages with lines of glory! Here are matrons with silvered locks, who in the long ago, at duty's call, sent their sons to battle with lips warm with mothers' kisses and cheeks bedewed with mothers' tears, and here are gathered maidens fair, and manly youths, toddling childhood and hoary age, all with hearts aglow, with fervent devotion to memories that will not, can not die.

With unspeakable joy and pride, we greet as our honored and beloved guest today that noble woman who bears the name and cherishes with unswerving constancy and infinite tenderness and devotion the memory of her immortal spouse—Stonewall Jackson.

That they might bend in reverence before this sacred shrine she hath hither led two children sweet and fair, whose veins are rich with their grandsire's heroic blood.

We will today with tears drawn from the fountains of our heart's holiest love by the touch of memory's magic wand, gem flowers rich and rare, wherewith to strew the way along which will pass today the queenly daughter of our uncrowned king.

Moved by those self-same memories that stirred the hearts of the mourning millions who bore the hallowed clay of her immortal sire to royal rest in historic Hollywood, unnumbered thousands of Texan hearts go out to her today in glorious greeting, as they behold her; in one hand her daughter fair, a winsome child, the roseate beauty of whose morn gives glowing promise of a radiant noon, in the other her first born son, who bears his grandsire's honored name.

Other visitants are here, too, my countrymen, unrevealed to mortal vision. The Genius of our beloved land, in beauty resplendent as the rose of Sharon or the Lily of the Valley, with robes made white in the blood of her children, but draped now with emblems of mourning, bends here above the images of her immortal sons.

With hearts thrilled by holy memories and lifted heavenward by the inspiration of this scene and these surroundings, we may well believe that there hover about us the disembodied spirits of our deathless dead, and that keeping step and time with living heroes to familiar music, there moves with us today a phantom phalanx.

Leading that line of ghostly warriors, I seem to see the shade of that intrepid leader, that majestic captain of a valorous host, who fell too soon for his country's weal, but fell in the hour of triumph, and whose dying ears caught the shouts of rejoicing over a victory won by his own consummate leadership.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

This is not the time nor place for biographical oratory or elaborate eulogy. Of him 'twas said by our great civic chieftain, his steadfast friend, whose love for him was great, whose trust in him was infinite: "I believe that the fortunes of a country hung by the single thread of the life that was yielded on the field of Shiloh." Whatever I may say here today I trust none in this mighty throng will believe I even hope to worthily add to what has been written by the matchless and immortal pen of Jefferson Davis.

Albert Sidney Johnston was not moved to enter upon the service of the South by the hope of selfish reward, or by the prompting of an unworthy ambition; nor did he act under any misconception of the conditions and probabilities which confronted him.

He was by education, training and experience able to properly estimate the odds of the impending struggle. He knew the constitution of his country and was thoroughly familiar with the fundamental principles of republican government, and knew full well that by these his course was justified in the forum of conscience and of law.

But his action was based upon even higher and holier grounds than these, and the path of duty as he saw it was radiant with a light brighter than that shed by constitutions or judicial decrees.

Above the roar of the approaching conflict, above the thunder of the gathering storm, he heard a voice which was to him as the voice of God. Holding fast to the basic creed of his political faith, that to his State was due his first highest and holiest allegiance when Texas, his adopted mother, cried unto him, "My son, my enemy doth encompass me about with a mighty host, and I have need of thee!" he obeyed her call and came unto her in all the majesty of his superb manhood, in all the prodigal plenitude of his physical and intellectual powers, with all his great gifts and his profound learning in the science of war, and the very Genius of Battle incarnate, he planted himself between her and her fast gathering foes with bosom bared and gleaming sword unsheathed.

"Not his to ask the reason why;
His but to do and die."

And on Shiloh's fateful field he sealed with his blood his devotion to the land with the glorious history of which his great name is immortally entwined.

Knightly and chivalric soldier! Heroic leader! Unselfish patriot! On freedom's altar ne'er was poured richer offering than his precious blood. He died in the battle's front, and when on the wings of the shouting of his victorious legions his soul was borne home to God.

"Fame was there herself to hold
His stirrup as he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold."

'Tis such an one as this whose form and features in enduring marble we here this day with prayers and tears set up and consecrate.

There is a tradition born of Eastern superstition that from a statue standing on Theban plains when stricken by the rays of the rising sun there comes forth music, but we have no need to invoke the extravagance of oriental imagination to add dignity or glory to this statue of our great countryman. Music drawn by solar rays from insensate stone could not add one cubit to the towering stature of his fame.

His character and his deeds will be at once the inspiration and the theme of many a minstrel song, and with harps with laurel wreathed and to subliminest strains attuned, bard after bard sweeping silvery dactyls from quivering strings will chant the peans of his praise, the resounding anthem of his fadeless glory.

The day god to the zenith mounting in the majesty of his morning march will shed upon this statue a radiance rarer than ever flashed from jewels set in kingly coronet, and as he sinks in splendor to his setting behind curtains of amber and rose, his dying rays will light with lines of more than earthly beauty this majestic figure, which we will here leave as a silent witness to our faith, and thus upon each recurring day, through all the coming years will there be here fitly symbolized the orient and the occident of that great life which in glory ended on that historic field, from whence passed our hero's soul to heaven, his name to an immortality of fame.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Hon. A. T. Watts spoke for the private soldier, whose representative towered high in the air at the top of the monument proper.

My Countrymen: An intense patriotism and love of country is the marked characteristic of our American civilization. This is demonstrated by the fact, that sections have submitted their differences to the arbitrament of the sword, accepted the results of a bloody war, reunited as a common people, under the same flag, and each cheerfully accords to the other the privilege, upon appropriate occasions, of worshiping at the shrine of its own household gods.

For the third of a century the veterans of the Confederate army have gloried in the wonderful progress and development of our common country. They are devoted to its interests, and zealous in promoting its general welfare.

The people of the South appreciate the name and fame of Generals McClellan, Grant, Hancock and others, and approve when our countrymen of the North commemorate the name and fame of their own great leaders.

From our earliest National existence to this day, excepting only the period from 1861 to 1865, the people of the North and the South were and are one; enjoying the beneficence of the same government, standing for a common cause. Cherishing common traditions, conferring honor and distinction upon the same great leaders. The name and fame of Washington, Adams, Van Buren and Taylor, of Clay, Calhoun and Webster is the common heritage of all. So also the name and fame of Jefferson Davis, R. E. Lee, Sidney Johnston and T. J. Jackson, who by dauntless courage and exalted genius, won for American arms imperishable glory upon the bloody fields of Mexico. But the name and fame of Davis, Lee, Johnston and Jackson, personified in this polished marble, is the exclusive heritage of the people of the South. The period from 1861 to 1865 is here vitalized. Four years of exclusive National existence, distinct from and in antagonism to the people of the North. In the history of that period every page is embellished with the name and exalted action of our great leaders. They will live, and ought to live, in the hearts of their countrymen for ages to come. When your children's children shall ask their fathers in time to come "What means that stone?" What shall be the answer? That polished marble, the crowning glory of this monument, personifies no individual. It characterizes no particular man living or dead. Its theme is "The Confederate Soldier." Who was this Confederate soldier, who even in this august presence is assigned the position of great distinction? From whence did he come, and whither has he gone?

When General Andrew Jackson asked the Seminole chief of his lineage, he replied: "The lightning struck the mighty oak, and from the crash I fell to the earth, a full-fledged warrior."

So, in 1861, when the North and South collided, from that terrific shock "The Confederate Soldier" sprang upon the earth, the foremost warrior of any age or country. Like a great meteor, he burst upon an astonished world, and shot athwart the horizon of the times, illuminating all the pages of its history with heroic deeds. Then furling his banner and laying aside the habiliment of war forever, he melted away into the citizenship of this great country.

That marble commemorates the heroism of an aggregation of men, the Confederate army, not famous for numbers, but most renowned for fortitude and courage.

It will proclaim to coming generations that it was the Confederate soldier, under the command of the lamented Johnston, who drove the Union army from the fields of Shiloh, and had the commander been spared until sunset, would have swept that army into the Tennessee.

That it was the Confederate soldier under command of that thunderbolt of war, "Stonewall Jackson," who in one month's time defeated and drove in disorder three vast armies from the Valley of Virginia.

That it was the Confederate soldier under the command of the great Lee, who, like a wall of living fire, stood between the Confederate capital and the mighty legions of the North.

That it was the Confederate soldier who was the bulwark of the government, of which the statesman and patriot Jefferson Davis was the distinctive representative, embodiment and head.

It will proclaim the unfaltering devotion of the Confederate soldier to the cause of the South. Of his fortitude in misfortune and disaster; of his unrivalled courage and intrepidity amid the storm and carnage of battle.

It speaks of his lank and sinewy form; of his powder begrimed face; of his alert and flashing eye; of his tattered uniform and bright musket, and of his soul-piercing and blood-curdling "Rebel yell."

Yes, it will proclaim the glory of this hero-maker, himself the matchless hero of the past, who with heart of oak and nerves of steel, rode in majestic splendor upon the lurid crest of battle, undaunted by carnage and death. His motto was, if it is this day my doom to be slain by shot or shell, thus let me die:

"A glorious death is his
Who for his country falls; and dying, leaves
Preserved from danger, children, wife and home."

It will proclaim that "The Confederate Soldier" actuated by sentiments of purest patriotism, unhesitating threw himself upon the sacrificial altar of his country, and died in the sublime faith that her cause was just.

A hero he calmly stood amid the turmoil of battle.

A martyr to the cause of liberty and freedom of man, as he understood it, he died upon his country's consecrated fields.

As truly great as were our leaders. As truly heroic as was the Confederate soldier. Yet this monument, from base to crown, pulsates with a more sublime constancy, and a more exalted glory.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, our blessed women. An unfaltering devotion to the history and traditions of the South is with them a vital principle. In their pure hearts there is ever welling up a living fountain, rejuvenating and vitalizing that spirit of sublime constancy and self-sacrificing devotion which made the grand old mothers of the Confederacy famous throughout the world. It is to their sleepless vigilance and superhuman effort that we are indebted for this, the most magnificent monument gracing the sacred soil of the South.

It is their consummated work and freewill offering; designed and erected with the primary object of perpetuating the memory of our Confederate leaders and soldiers. Nevertheless every element conspires in imposing upon it the higher and more sacred duty of extolling age after age down the corridors of time, the grandeur of the mothers and daughters of the Confederacy.

Grand monument, may it stand through successive ages unharmed by winter's blast, unscathed by summer's forked lightning and unshaken by the deep-toned thunders or the earthquake's shock, proudly proclaiming to our race and blood, the exalted genius of our leaders, the matchless prowess of our soldiers, and the sublime constancy and devotion of the glorious women of the South.

And may our great Republic likewise stand, proudly proclaiming to the nations of the earth the beneficence of God-given liberty; and may the American remain united, prosperous and happy longer than this granite retains its solidity, is the prayer of every Confederate veteran.

ADJUTANT MARTIN.

Adjutant Charles L. Martin spoke as follows:

Daughters of the Confederacy: The pleasing duty devolves upon me, on behalf of Sterling Price camp, United Confederate Veterans, to express to you their appreciation of this splendid testimonial which, with loving hearts and tireless hands, you have erected in memory of the valor, the devotion and the matchless fortitude of the Southern soldier, the private as well as the chieftain.

The glory of the achievements of the soldiers of the South is above and beyond any eulogium of pen or tongue. It will halo all the cycles of time.

While it is true that the intrepid spirits who followed their banners wherever they floated, unappalled by any obstacles or any odds, and who gave their lives to their country on a thousand fields of honor—while it is true that they, from paladin to private, need no towering columns of sculptured marble, no engraven bronze to perpetuate the memory of their deeds, still, prompted by that homage which is ever paid to dauntless courage and chivalric devotion to truth and to the right, and inspired by that veneration in which you hold your countrymen, you, fair and noble daughters of the South, have reared this stone in honor of your dead and of our dead. The heart of every ex-Confederate soldier living today goes out to you in love and in grateful appreciation.

The mothers of the South! Language is dumb of expression, thought is impotent of conception to pay fitting tribute to all they did, all they suffered, all they endured:

On this monument is inscribed:

"This stone shall crumble into dust ere the deathless devotion of the women of the South shall be forgot."

How true!

When this granite shall have vanished forever; when the grandest mausoleums, the proudest palaces of the potentates of earth, like Thebes and Tyre, are but crumbling ruins, the resplendent sheen of the glory of Southern women will illumine the ages still unborn.

The courage of the battle, the fortitude of the privations of camp and the sufferings of the hospital were but a part and parcel of the soldier's life, the natural results of his perilous environments, the penalties, if I may use the word, of his devotion to his country, to his cause and to his flag. And as grand as the Southern soldier was in all these attributes of heroism, his greatness and his glory pales before the grander and the sublimer devotion and steadfastness and faith of the Southern women in the days of wrath that poured out their desolation and their woe upon our Southland during the four years of war.

It is the heartache that kills. It is the despair of the soul, with its warp and its woof of suspense and of longing and of hope turned to bitter ashes, that weighs down the spirit with burdens like Pelion and Ossa.

But the brave Southern women, reared in ease and luxury, with scarce ever a dream even of cares and vicissitudes, with all the agony that was theirs, never faltered. The deep fountains of their souls welled over with tears, and their bosoms were rent with anguish, but they prayed—aye, God bless them, they prayed ever—and they worked, and with womanly tenderness they never let the loved ones fighting at the front know what their sorrows and their sufferings were. Like the boy with the wolf's whelp hidden in his bosom, gnawing at his very vitals, they endured their pain and made no sign.

When Cornelia, the Roman matron, was asked by a friend to show her jewels, with all a mother's pride, pointing to her boys, the Gracchi, she said:

"These are my jewels."

And Southern mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, pointing to the dear ones far away, standing with their faces to the front, dauntless men 'mid the wreck and wrath of war said:

"These are our jewels, more precious than life itself, but duty calls them, and we give them to their country and our hearts with their lives, willing sacrifices, if needs be, upon the altars of its glory and of its honor."

It is said that the Spartan women were wont to twine their raven tresses into bow strings for the Spartan soldiers going forth to battle. The mothers of the South gave their tears, their prayers, aye, the chrysm of their very hearts' blood to the immortal men who fought the battles of the South, who carried their eagles in triumph above the fire-crested waves of the conflict on nine fields in every ten.

Oh, the bitter hours of the long and weary days of the war! Who can tell, who can estimate the measure of the woe of these unequalled women? In every home was the wail:

"But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still."

In baronial mansions and in hillside homes; from valley to stream and from forest to plain, was heard that sad refrain:

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

But in the days of their desolation, grand as they were, splendid in all the qualities that ennoble and glorify and sanctify womanhood, when it was all over, when that flag which, next to our God, we all worshiped had been furled forever, if it were possible, they were grander and higher and stronger still.

When "war had ceased its dread alarm" and the few of us who were left came home, weary, worn, barefooted and in rags, we were met with open arms and pressed to warm hearts that loved us. And when, after the first few glad days of return, we looked about us over our land, all rent and torn by war's ravages, cities and towns in ashes, homes destroyed, plantations in wreck and in ruin—all gone save honor—our hearts sank in despair as we thought of the future. But these true and fearless women, still undismayed, said to us:

"Be of good cheer. Fear not. All will be well."

They helped us. Yes, though they took the lead, as we gathered up the tangled threads of what fate had left us and began life anew, as Ruth said unto Naomi, they said each one to us:

"Thy God shall be my God; thy people shall be my people; whithersoever thou goest, I will go."

Ah, with such inspiration as this, what man could forget his manhood! And through the years, as life and strength were spared to them, they have helped us to rejuvenate and revivify the South.

That same spirit which canonized the mothers of the South has been bequeathed to their daughters and to their sons.

They talk about the "New South." It is the same splendid old South, risen from the ashes and devastation of carnage and desolation to the forenoon of a prosperity and a progress that shineth from Nadir to Zenith, and the women of the South have wrought it.

Their words of cheer, their faith, their devotion, their unquailing courage, their love, lifted us from the slough of despond and made us men again.

Again, oh, worthy daughters of the worthiest mothers that God ever made, in behalf of all my comrades, I thank you for this gift, the coinage of your hearts.

Speak, oh, stone, to the coming centuries our reverent remembrance of woman's imperishable devotion to the South!

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY.

After the last speech was delivered Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie and a bevy of beautiful girls, representing the thirteen States and Territories of the Confederacy, joined hands and pulled the cord which held the large veil on the monument and hid the statue of the Confederate private from view. As the large veil slowly dropped the band played "Dixie" and the vast multitude of people joined in round after round of applause. The rope which held the veil on the statue of the soldier broke, and it was therefore impossible to fully unveil it, but this was the only accident which marred the ceremonies.

The young ladies representing the States and Territories then came forward and laid lovely floral tributes on the base of the monument in the following order: Maryland, Miss Mentoux; Virginia, Miss Lillie Goode; North Carolina, Miss Knuckles; South Carolina, Miss Taylor; Georgia, Miss Pearsen; Florida, Miss Steele; Alabama, Miss Goode; Mississippi, Miss Hallie Bryan; Louisiana, Miss Eeet Mentoux; Texas, Miss Graber; Missouri, Miss Eugenia Mendez; Arkansas, Miss Irene Graber; Indian Territory, Miss Watts; New Mexico, Miss Ollie Roberts; Arizona, Miss Greenlaw.

This was followed by floral offerings from a majority of the people present, flowers from the smallest rose to large wreaths and bouquets, flowers from the city and flowers from nearly every county in North Texas. The monument was fairly banked with flowers.

Two notable incidents of the ceremonies were the placing of flowers upon the statue of Albert Sidney Johnston by A. J. Gray, a private soldier who was near Johnston when he fell at Shiloh, and Miss Beauregard of San Antonio, a niece of General P. G. T. Beauregard.

Camp Sterling Price tonight presented Mrs. Jackson with a handsome medal.

J. W. Blake of Mexia was among the visitors who came from all parts of the State. The crowds are rapidly leaving tonight and all carry pleasant recollections of the scenes they have witnessed. It has been a day Dallas will never forget.

THE AIRSHIP.

Panola County Farmer Talked With the Navigators.

To the Editor of The Post.

Seeing so much about the airship in the papers put me on the look out, and much to my gratification my vigilance was rewarded, not only in seeing the airship, but also had the pleasure of meeting a party of aerial travelers.

About 8 o'clock p. m., I heard my horses—old gentle work stock—snorting, running and bucking around like a drove of bronchos on a regular stampede. On going out to my lot to see what could have alarmed them, I sighted about a quarter of a mile off and seemingly about 300 feet from the earth a very brilliant and variegated light, coming from southwest and headed northeast, traveling rapidly. It would occasionally make a circle, and now and then be reflected down to the earth, virtually turning a very dark and cloudy night into day. After hovering around for a few minutes it gradually descended in an open field nearby. I, by this time, having recognized it as the airship, went directly to the place of landing, and on arrival found the ship of about the same make up as given by various correspondents. Its crew was composed of five men, three of whom entertained me, while the other two took rubber bags and went for a supply of water at my well, 100 yards off. They informed me that this was one of five ships that had been traversing the country over recently; and that this individual ship was the same one recently landed near Beaumont, in this State; after having traveled pretty well all over the Northwest. They stated that these ships were put up in an interior town in Illinois. They were rather reticent about giving out information in regards to the ships, manufacture, etc.; since they had not yet secured everything by patent, but stated they would soon be secure in this, and expected to establish a factory in St. Louis at an early day, and would at once enter into active competition with the railroads for passenger traffic; especially in transcontinental travel. They stated that they could shorten time from Atlantic to Pacific two to three days. The ship's crew were careful not to forget earthly things though traveling in the heavens. They were well supplied with edibles of all sorts—likewise drinkables; had a good supply of beer and champagne. Also had a full supply of musical instruments.

The ship was seen by a number of people in this section and some very amusing scenes took place.

A good many of the semi-superstitious thought it had close connection with Judgment Day. It passed near a camp meeting being held by the sanctified people, some of whom went into paroxysms of alarm, while others hailed it as a special messenger sent in a divine and providential way to throw light into the minds of their benighted neighbors who are yet wandering in the darkness of religious theories taught by the old school churches. The ship left my farm at 8:20 p. m., bound for St. Louis, so the party told me.

H. C. Lagrone,
Deadwood, Panola County, Texas.

Conroe, Texas, April 29.—B. F. Hord, night operator, a most respectable gentleman, reports seeing the much talked of airship last night, which was at a great distance and traveling southwesterly.

Eagle Pass, Texas, April 28.—A great deal is being said and written from this part of the country about the airship. Of course it is all a myth, yet there are some who accept the reports as true, and they find plenty of people ready and willing to invent new stories about the airship whenever their interest begins to wane. The report that the Mexican customs officials took the matter seriously and put out special guards, is also a canard.

Bay City, Texas, April 28.—The airship passed over Matagorda at 12 m., Sunday, 25th instant. A little boy saw it, ran in the house and told his parents to come and see the big bird flying; they stepped out of the house and saw it; 'twas going in a westerly direction. Several other reliable persons saw it also. M.

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